

Griffmen Play Eight Games Here Before Closing Long Home Stay at Park

EIGHT GAMES HERE FOR NATIONALS ALL DURING THIS WEEK

Indians and White Sox Will Play at the Georgia Avenue Park.

HOME STAY NEARING END

Chicago May Offer Stepping Stone to Higher Rating in Circuit.

The Week's Card

Today—Griffmen in Cleveland.
Tomorrow—Indians.
Tuesday—Indians.
Wednesday—White Sox in double-header.
Thursday—White Sox in double-header.
Friday—White Sox.
Saturday—White Sox.

By LOUIS A. DOUGHER.

Washington fans inclined to be gluttonous in the enjoyment of the national pastime should have a wonderful week, beginning tomorrow. They will have eight games to watch in six days, double-headers coming Wednesday and Thursday.

The Cleveland Indians, who have not been overruled in their battles with the Griffmen this season, have two more games to play here before going to Philadelphia in a few days. Tomorrow and Tuesday Lee Fohl's desperate demons will face the Griffen at Georgia avenue.

The first of the double-headers is marked for Wednesday, when the Chicago White Sox arrive in the Capital for their second visit of 1916. On the next day another double bill will be offered to the delectation of the Capital fans. Then the athletes and scribes will settle down to the regular routine of a game a day.

This week closes the second long stay at home for the Griffmen. Next Sunday they leave for Detroit, where they open their second tour of the West. Before returning to Georgia avenue they will travel all the long, dusty distance from St. Louis to Boston for a few deadly skirmishes with the world's champions.

Though fate seems against them, the Griffmen have by no means quit thinking about closing into the home circuit. This struggle for the pennant, their opportunity would seem to be here with the arrival of the White Sox.

The White Sox have a large bulge on the Griffmen in the games played so far, but the Windy City crew took most of them during the long swing around the circuit for the Washingtonians last month. Things are different now.

Not that the Griffmen have increased in strength to their chances appear brighter, but rather that the White Sox seem to be hit a little harder in their rush to the top of the heap. Rowland's team is not proving very powerful on the road. With six games to play here against some of the best clubs in the league, the White Sox may take a sudden slide back into the second division.

Such a slide is sure to aid the Griffen, who are still trying to crawl back among the leading four clubs of the league.

The last time the Griffmen hit the trail they were out in front. Every fan knows what happened. Now they are collapsed utterly in oblation, were noised out three days in succession in Detroit, and did not get themselves, if only for a moment, until they bumped against the Indians.

When the Griffmen again hit the trail they will hardly be in first place, but it is possible for them to be in the first division. They are not too far in the rear now, and they are getting into the cherished first four by next Sunday.

Openly, their trip in Detroit on July 15, the Griffen have four games with the Tigers, following those with three in Cleveland. Then come four in St. Louis, and five in Boston. In St. Louis, rain having prevented one game there on the first trip. Three in Boston will close the swing.

If the Griffen are to benefit from a good trip, they must begin laying their foundations right this week in their remaining two battles against the Indians and those six opponents to be staged with the White Sox. Victories this week, if consecutive, will count for much in placing the team in an advantageous position before swinging around the West.

Jim Shaw, the Pittsburgh rabbit hunter, is expected to tackle the Indians in Cleveland today. Shaw has done little or nothing this season, but he has a decent appearance he gave evidence of rounding into condition. Because in the past he has shown good stuff in Cleveland, Manager Griffith will start him today.

Harry Harper will probably be used tomorrow at Georgia avenue to turn back the Fohlies.

Walter Johnson did the best he could to give that second game to the Indians. Failing, he turned around and won it in the ninth. But he was not down, with a resounding wallop to left that brought Rippey Williams across and gave the victory to the Griffmen, 3 to 2. It was some thrilling contest, and those who remained away missed a choice morsel.

When Lajoie Hangs Up Suit, Fans Will Mourn

Mackmen's Veteran Promises to Quit in October, But He Leaves Great Work Behind—Today's Sport-orial on Hot Sport Topics.

By LOUIS A. DOUGHER.

Over in Philadelphia there is one of the greatest ornaments of the national game. And he plans to retire with the final contest of the 1916 campaign.

Larry Lajoie, the wonderful Woonsocket Frenchman, who graduated from the front seat of a hack to become the champion batsman of the big leagues for several years, is the grand old man who will hang up his uniform next October, never again to be seen in action in a big league battle.

Larry is slowing. No more do his feet respond to his mental urging. No more can he move across the infield and intercept the flying globule, exciting thousands of fans who admire a thing of beauty. No more can he be depended upon to propel that same globule far into the void.

In a word, Larry is about done as a major leaguer. And he refuses to take up the slacker's life of the big league star sliding into the minors.

But Lajoie has established a marvelous record during his stay in the big leagues. He has played 12 years, batting average has been above .346. No other batsman in the history of baseball can point to such a record.

Throughout his career, Larry has been a model of the professional player. He has been a wonder in the field and a quiet, unassuming gentleman in his quiet.

When the demon scribe of the St. Louis Times, went out and dug up some comparative figures, showing what Lajoie has done, but Ed Bang, the Cleveland News expert performer, has fixed up the following figures that prove that Lajoie is one of the great players of the big show.

Take a peek at these figures, common to the official records and then you'll agree that when Lajoie retires from baseball the game will lose an ornament:

LAJOIE.

Year.	A.B.	H.	Ave.
1897	546	136	.249
1898	579	177	.306
1899	451	156	.346
1900	543	220	.405
1901	543	220	.405
1902	488	173	.355
1903	488	173	.355
1904	554	211	.381
1905	602	214	.355
1906	581	217	.373
1907	515	115	.223
1908	448	165	.368
1912	448	165	.368
Totals	5,197	1,925	.370

COBB.

Year.	A.B.	H.	Ave.
1896	500	112	.224
1897	500	112	.224
1898	500	112	.224
1899	500	112	.224
1900	500	112	.224
1901	500	112	.224
1902	500	112	.224
1903	500	112	.224
1904	500	112	.224
1905	500	112	.224
1906	500	112	.224
1907	500	112	.224
1908	500	112	.224
Totals	5,197	1,925	.370

most to second base, but could not get the ball.

One one in the eighth, Sam Rice came up for Ansinith and slammed a safety to center. He reached second on Moeller's infield and called for home when Chapman threw Foster's grounder over Gandil's head.

Rippey Williams opened the ninth with a single. He led the Griffen fans in a single and pulling for a rally. Shanks laid down a perfect sacrifice. Jamieson swung mightily but merely skied to Chapman in short left. Of course that brought it up to Johnson. The big fellow came through with a single to left and Williams was over with the deciding tally.

Sergeant Jim Bagby pitched good ball for the Indians, met with hard luck in losing. He whiffed six of his foes. His control is shown by the absence of free tickets. In this he surpassed his fellow pitcher.

Johnson fanned seven Indians, but he walked three of them. Only for his own poor fielding, the distance might not have crossed the plate at all. However, that's all forgotten in the echo of that smack in the ninth.

Here you are for the figures:

Year.	A.B.	H.	Ave.
1909	573	218	.377
1910	509	196	.385
1911	521	248	.476
1912	521	248	.476
1913	438	167	.380
1914	545	127	.233
1915	545	127	.233
Totals	5,248	1,937	.359

Year.	A.B.	H.	Ave.
1897	190	53	.279
1898	190	53	.279
1899	190	53	.279
1900	190	53	.279
1901	190	53	.279
1902	190	53	.279
1903	190	53	.279
1904	190	53	.279
1905	190	53	.279
1906	190	53	.279
1907	190	53	.279
1908	190	53	.279
Totals	1,925	515	.268

Year.	A.B.	H.	Ave.
1897	241	83	.344
1898	241	83	.344
1899	241	83	.344
1900	241	83	.344
1901	241	83	.344
1902	241	83	.344
1903	241	83	.344
1904	241	83	.344
1905	241	83	.344
1906	241	83	.344
1907	241	83	.344
1908	241	83	.344
Totals	2,410	830	.344

They Won't Crack.

In spite of all the prophecies, those Cleveland Indians just won't crack under the strain of the best pennant race in years.

Maybe nobody tipped them off that the right thing would be to crack under the strain.

When Guy Morton and Ed Klepper were hura de combat, the rest of the team, they buckled together, and did their work.

When Ray Chapman broke his leg, or something like that, Bill Wambach and Ed Klepper stepped in and played beyond his speed until Ray was able to come back.

When Terry Turner's aged and decrepit back bothered him, necessitating a short vacation, Joe Evans stepped into the breach and delivered.

In other words, boys, the Indians didn't crack under the strain. They just went out and played winning baseball. As fast as Lee Fohl had to use green players, he used them. They didn't get rusty shining up the bench. They got into the lineup, and had to make good or quit.

I doubt if the Indians are going to crack between now and October. They may not win the pennant, but they may get enough of it.

Any old fellow who says that the Indians will do any cracking. They have the courage that goes to make pennant winners.

MATTY MAY MANAGE CINCINNATI TEAM

Herrmann and Hempstead Confer Over Deal Involving Herzog.

NEW YORK, July 15.—Christy Mathewson, for sixteen years John McGraw's mainstay in the box for the Giants, and idol of New York baseball fans, may be Cincinnati's new manager, Charles Herzog, present holder of that job, may come to New York to bolster up this giant.

Mathewson admitted the Reds' National League pennant. At least three other men may be involved in the trade. Herzog, however, has been in New York, and his long conference with President Hempstead, of the Giants, yesterday, led to this fairly well-authenticated report.

Mathewson would like to have the Old Master, and the Giant stockholders want Herzog to stay. McGraw, however, has to drop managerial worries and get back with his old leader, the "Little Napoleon" of baseball.

WALTER HAGEN WINS OPEN GOLF TITLE

NEW YORK, July 15.—Walter Hagen, of Rochester, won his third important golf title, the Metropolitan open, by defeating James M. Barnes, of the White Marsh Club, Philadelphia, last year's Western open champion, by 74 to 75 strokes on the play-off of a triple tie at Garden City.

Big League Biffers of a Day

	A.B.	H.	T.B.	Ave.
Smith, Braves	3	3	4	1.000
High, Yanks	3	3	3	1.000
Schlag, Macks	2	2	2	1.000
Stengel, Dodgers	2	2	2	1.000
Schultz, Pirates	1	1	2	1.000
Schmidt, Pirates	1	1	1	1.000
Hendrix, Cubs	1	1	1	1.000
Janvryn, Red Sox	1	1	1	1.000
Mollwitz, Reds	1	1	1	1.000
Rice, Griffs	1	1	1	1.000
Burns, Tigers	4	3	6	.750
Good, Phils	4	3	5	.750
Noyle, Giants	4	3	4	.750
Snodgrass, Braves	4	3	4	.750
Williams, Griffs	4	3	3	.750

League Standings.

AMERICAN LEAGUE				
Standing of Clubs.				
	W.	L.	Pct.	Win. Loss.
New York	46	34	.575	569-589
Cleveland	45	35	.562	585-596
Boston	42	38	.526	582-580
Chicago	42	38	.526	544-533
Detroit	41	39	.513	584-574
St. Louis	40	40	.500	457-444
Philadelphia	38	42	.476	444-444
Washington	38	42	.476	444-444
Athletics	38	42	.476	444-444

netics	18	56	.243	.352	.240
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Where They Play.					
TODAY.			TOMORROW.		
Wash. at Cleveland.			Cleve. at Wash.		
			Chicago at Phila.		
			Detroit at N. Y.		
			St. L. at Boston.		

Yesterday's Results.				
Wash. 3, Cle. 2.	Chi. 1, Phil. 0.			
Detroit 5, N. Y. 7.	St. L. 1, Boston 1.			
Chicago 4, Phil. 1.	St. L. 1, Boston 1.			

NATIONAL LEAGUE				
Standing of Clubs.				
	W.	L.	Pct.	Win. Loss.
Brooklyn	49	30	.617	571-537
Boston	41	38	.526	567-547
Philadelphia	41	38	.526	547-547
St. Louis	40	39	.513	547-547
Chicago	39	40	.494	547-547
Pittsburgh	35	44	.443	494-494
St. Louis	35	44	.443	494-494
Cincinnati	32	47	.405	494-494

	Today.			
	W.	L.	Pct.	Win. Loss.
Brooklyn	44	30	.596	.600 .587
Boston	39	20	.664	.671 .637
Philadelphia	41	33	.554	.560 .547
New York	37	38	.507	.513 .500
Chicago	39	41	.488	.494 .451
Pittsburgh	35	40	.467	.474 .461
St. Louis	36	45	.444	.451 .439

Yesterday's Results.				
Boston 3, Cincinnati 2.	Phil. 1, Pitt. 0.			
St. L. 1, N. Y. 7.	St. L. 1, Boston 1.			
Chicago 4, Phil. 1.	St. L. 1, Boston 1.			

How Big League Teams Won Yesterday's Games

American League.

At New York—R.H.B. Detroit 000 000 000-12 1 Yankees 200 200 000-7 9

At Boston—R.H.B. Boston 000 000 000-2 0 Philadelphia 000 000 000-2 0

At Chicago—R.H.B. Chicago 000 000 000-2 0 Philadelphia 000 000 000-2 0

At Cincinnati—R.H.B. Cincinnati 000 000 000-2 0 Philadelphia 000 000 000-2 0

National League.

At St. Louis—R.H.B. St. Louis 001 002 000-5 10 0 Philadelphia 000 000 000-4 0

At Chicago—R.H.B. Chicago 000 000 000-2 0 Philadelphia 000 000 000-2 0

At Cincinnati—R.H.B. Cincinnati 000 000 000-2 0 Philadelphia 000 000 000-2 0

At St. Louis—R.H.B. St. Louis 001 002 000-5 10 0 Philadelphia 000 000 000-4 0

At Chicago—R.H.B. Chicago 000 000 000-2 0 Philadelphia 000 000 000-2 0

At Cincinnati—R.H.B. Cincinnati 000 000 000-2 0 Philadelphia 000 000 000-2 0

Harry Vardon Writes Concerning Caddies

British Professional Declares There Are Good Ones And Nuisances, and Thinks Classes Should Be Held on Organized Lines.

By HARRY VARDON.

The World's Most Famous Golfer.

The rules permit a golfer to confer with and accept advice from his caddie, and it follows as a matter of course that there is a deal of luck in the kind of caddie that happens to be bestowed or inflicted upon a player.

Some caddies are very helpful; others are downright nuisances. So important is this point that I often wonder that classes are not held on properly organized lines to instruct the light porters of the links in their duties. Naturally, such a scheme would be impossible at the present time in Britain, where nearly all the caddies are gone, either to fight or to do much more work; nine from my home course at Totteridge, have been killed in action during the last few months. But the idea could be acted in America and in my own country when peace returns, and if clubs generally came to the conclusion that an effort to put players on something like an equality as regards the assistance they receive from caddies would involve too much trouble, I think it would be better by far to withdraw the privilege which gives a golfer the right to accept advice from the individual who carries his clubs.

Professionals Carry.

In championships, we have seen famous professionals carrying for ambitious players, who, happening to be in a position to engage the services of these specialists, have taken them to the scene of action for a week or a fortnight mainly in order to have their moral support. The prominent professional who acts as caddie to a less accomplished golfer accepts the responsibility of nominating the shot to be attempted in every set of circumstances, and, during intervals, gives instruction to the amateur, who is usually a man of some means, and is not a professional.

It is a fact that the amateur who has been able to avoid the indecisive hitting that is sometimes begotten of doubt, and the great majority of people who are pronounced to be "good" are being unfair and have criticised it in private, but the fact remains that it is legal.

It seems to me, is a bad point in golfing law, even though councils between the player and his caddie often have a setting off pretty strong sentiment, and are associated with some of the most hoary traditions of the game. It may be urged that, when a golfer is new to a course, it is only reasonable that he should be allowed to ask his club-bearer the length of iron shot to reach a green since local knowledge undoubtedly does count for a lot. I would reply that he is like a man who is not to receive any advice; he can speak on this point from experience. Often I have been asked to use my club when I have felt confident that another instrument would be far better suited to the purpose. It does not make a caddie know his business, and when there is any doubt on the point, I always prefer to act on my own judgment.

Offered Iron Club.

Once, when I was opposing Brad Eitham, my faithful supporter offered me the iron for the tee shot to a hole made up my mind that I could just about get there with a driver, and I asked him for that club.

"Driver?" he echoed incredulously. "Why, even if you take your caddy, you'll be in the ditch beyond the green."

I insisted on having my own way. "All right," he said, with breezy contempt, "have your dirty, rotten driver."

As a matter of fact, the ball finished close to the hole from a well-hit shot with that club. I was not a little proud of the result, and I would not say another word to me during the remainder of the round.

He was something like the twelve-year-old hunchback who carried a caddy imaginable—who carried for me in my first open championship at St. Andrews, when I was only twelve.

He started that he intended to take complete charge of me, and when, at an early stage, I refused to accept his advice, he looked very depressed and finding that "his" iron was a good and careful player, he complained of the "guide" philosopher, whenever we came to the place where my ball was lying, he would say, "That's a good one, but I could extract what club I liked, to make a good one, and he would not say another word to me during the remainder of the round.

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